

ORANGE VERSES.

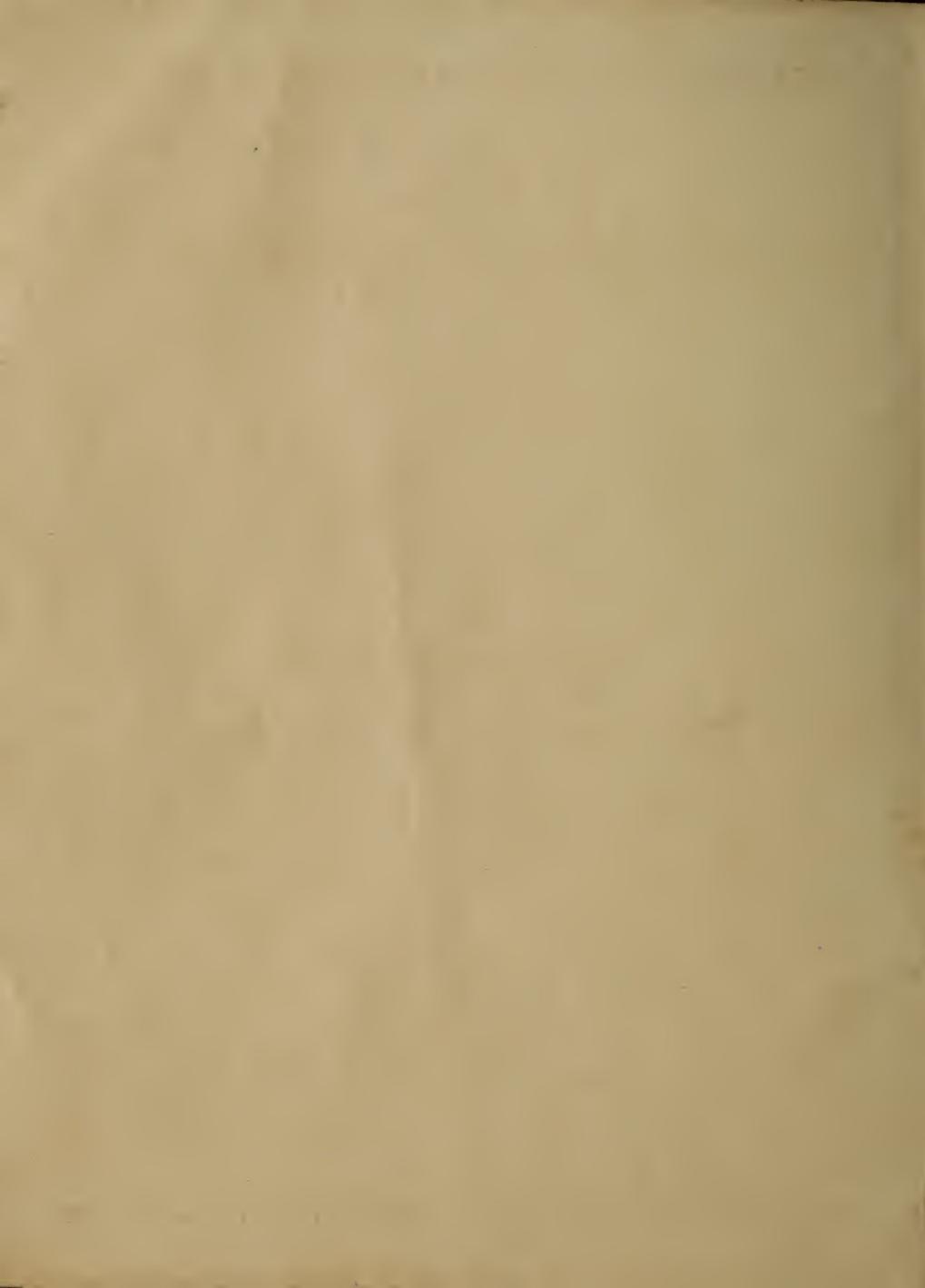
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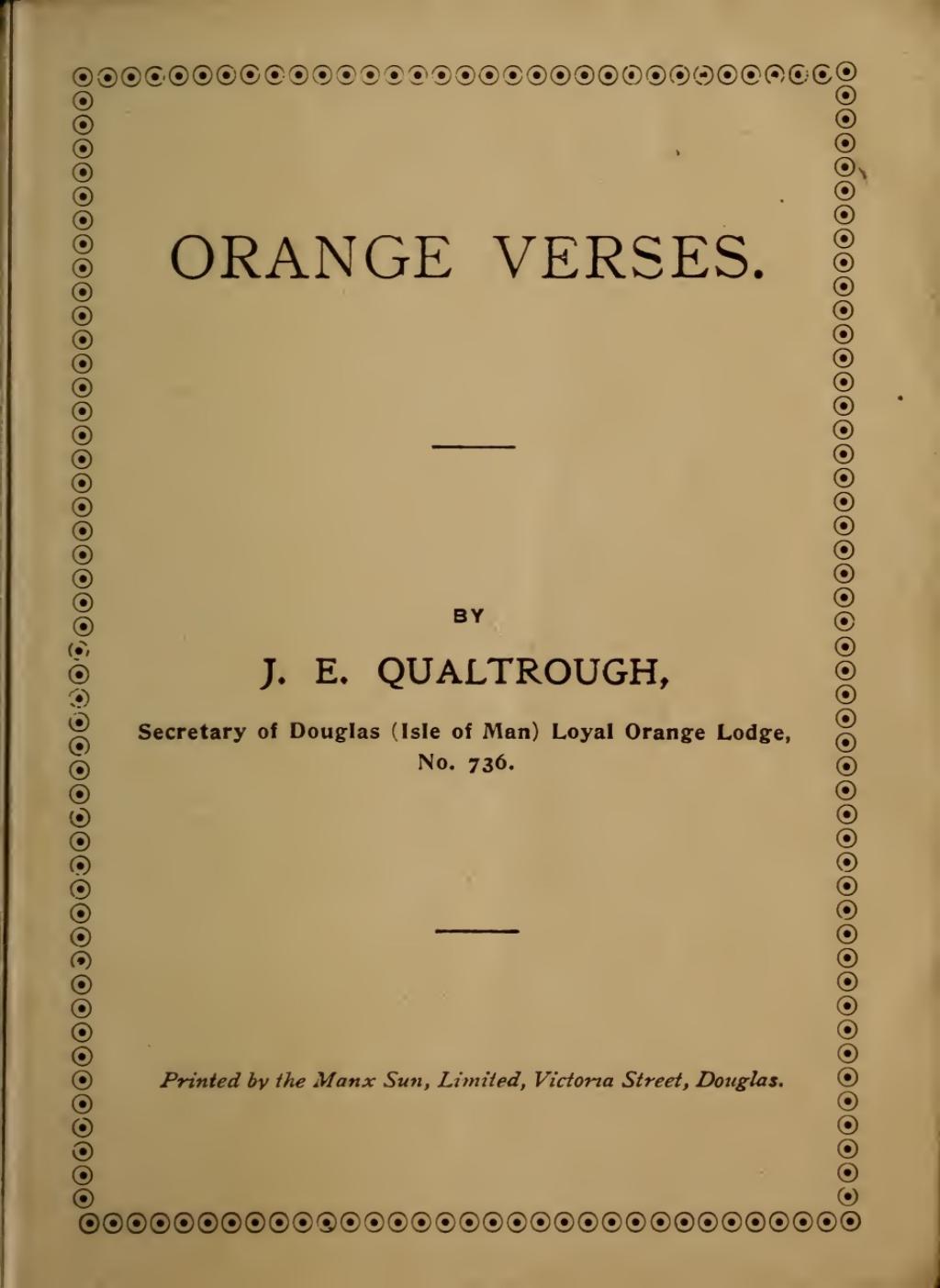
J. E. QUALTROUGH,

Secretary of Douglas (Isle of Man) Loyal Orange Lodge,
No. 736.

Printed by the Author, London, Victoria Street, England.







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THE PROTESTANT HYMN.

STAND fast, ye loyal Christians,
 For your birthright nobly stand,
 And intercept the Popery
 That is sweeping o'er our land ;
 Defend the Bible ever
 For your own and children's sake,
 As the heroes did before you,
 Though they perished at the stake.

CHORUS.

Then stand by the Church of the Martyrs,
 Stand fast by the Church you love ;
 And worship the God of your fathers,
 The Great High Priest above.

Stand fast, ye chosen children,
 For your God will shield the Right ;
 With the Bible as your emblem
 Be the foremost in the fight :
 And the Hand of God will keep you
 And your Reformation sure,
 When the Word of God's your bulwark,
 When you're faithful to the core.

Be staunch and firm, ye followers
 Of the Protestant on High ;
 And worship only One that dwells
 Beyond the great blue sky.
 Uphold your Faith prevailing,
 And defend it through the strife,
 To win the Royal Diadem,
 The Christian's Crown of Life.

LOYAL ORANGE INITIATION HYMN.

SING we now with exultation,
Speed our strains o'er land and sea;
For the bulwark of our nation
Is its glorious Liberty.

With the vows that we have taken,
We have promised to be true;
We'll be steadfast and unshaken
'Neath the Orange and the Blue.

We'll proclaim the old, old story,
And the Bible we'll defend;
Unto God be all the glory,
Now, through life, unto the end.

— :o: —

THE COMING OF THE KING.

IT came on the North Sea breezes
And traversed our Kingdom o'er;
It sped along, with mirth and song,
To wild Hibernia's shore.
The song birds carried the tidings
That made old Scotia ring,
Sweet Mona sang, fair Cambria rang,
With the news of the coming King.

Oh country of our fathers!
Oh land of our childhood's days!
Oppressed wert thou, thy wearied brow
Was arrayed in a papal haze;
Thy temples were polluted,
Disgraced was thy fair name,
Till hearts were stirred, appeals were heard,
And William of Orange came.

In the dawnlight of the morning,
 With the clear sky for a crown,
 On old Neptune's mane, the Deliverer came
 And smote the tyrants down.
 For the ever-watching Father,
 From His White Throne on High,
 Prepared the way, that self-same day,
 And heard a nation's cry.

Cast down thy useless sceptre,
 Imposing ruler, now ;
 Aye! cast it down, a monarch's crown
 Shall deck no more thy brow ;
 For the Holy Word is open,
 And the idols Rome maintained,
 In Church and State, have met their fate,
 And Freedom's been proclaimed.

Show to the winds your banners,
 Ye followers of him,
 Who left his home, o'er ocean's foam ,
 And rescued our kith and kin.
 The Bible and the Sceptre raise
 High o'er the traitor's head ;
 Remember, too, our brothers who
 At Boyne and Derry bled.

No wily, scheming Papist,
 No bald Franciscan Friar
 Will e'er defy, when passing by,
 The flag we all admire.
 'Neath the Silk of Enniskillen
 And the Banner of Aughrim,
 We'll ever swell, o'er hill and dell,
 Our "No Surrender" Hymn.

“NO SURRENDER” HYMN.

"No surrender!" 'tis our watchword,
Born for us on Derry's walls;
Born to live and rule for ever,
Till the great archangel calls.

"No surrender!" to the Papist,
To no Romish brotherhood;
For the Cause that we love dearly
We would yield our life's last blood.

"No surrender!" though the watches
Of the night be dark and drear;
Through the shadows there is gleaming
Light from Heaven our way to cheer

"No surrender!" did the martyrs
E'er recant when death was near?
They, though in the blazing faggots,
Knew that God was very near.

"No surrender!" still our children
Look to us for Liberty;
They shall perish, should our Banner
Cease to float o'er land and sea.

"No surrender!" looking Heavenward,
Trusting still in God alone;
He Who guides us all shall safely
Lead his faithful children Home.

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THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

SHOULD memories of bygone days
Be never brought to mind?
Should staunch and loyal hearts forget
The Battle of the Boyne?

CHORUS.

As long as Time goes rolling on,
 We'll ever bear in mind
 That many gallant heroes fell
 For Freedom at the Boyne.

Where sleep the soldier lads who fell,
 The Shamrock leaves entwine;
 The song-birds' notes rise sweetly o'er
 The heroes of the Boyne.

Where gently waves the Orange bloom,
 Still where the moonbeams shine,
 The veteran tells the story of
 The Battle of the Boyne.

The Guardian Angel of our King,
 That led the fighting line,
 Would mount his steed in spirit, should
 We fight another Boyne.

Should Jesuit or wily Priest,
 Attempt to strike behind,
 There'll be a repetition of
 The Battle of the Boyne.

Franciscan Monk and "holy" Friar,
 The robbers of mankind,
 Shall tremble at the mention of
 The victory of the Boyne.

What Lundy earned at Derry's walls,
 That's told in prose and rhyme;
 Shall all receive who lightly speak
 Of William and the Boyne.

Still proudly floats the Orange Flag,
 And shall do throughout Time,
 Till we shall meet in Heaven above,
 The loved ones of the Boyne.

THE BEAUTIFUL ORANGE LILY.

SHE'S Queen of all the earth's fair flowers,
 She's all that's dear to me;
 In cups of gold, dwells love untold
 To sons of Liberty:
 So bloom, sweet Orange Lily, bloom,
 I own no love but thee.

CHORUS.

To me all others are as nought,
 Compared with thee, alone,
 I've found her whom my heart has sought,
 With dews around her throne.

When beams the sun from heights above,
 When stars gleam from the sky,
 To me she's dear; soon shall appear
 The Twelfth day of July,
 When all our Loyal sons shall raise
 Her head in triumph high.

Wave western breeze, her petals touch,
 Caress her stately form;
 Each silv'ry ray upon her stay,
 And leave her not forlorn,
 But crown her glorious head of gold
 With lovelight in the morn.

Fair Orange Lily, smile upon
 Thy kindred in repose;
 My wish is this: Be near to kiss
 The Shamrock and the Rose,
 The Leek, the Thistle of the North,
 The Cushag where it grows.

INDIAN AIR.

WHO shall raise the Banner high,
In the light of day?
Who shall all that's wrong deny,
Thrust it far away?
Who, but William's gallant men,
Will our country's Rights defend?
Vile impostors they shall send
Far, far away.

Who shall guard each dear ensign,
Shimmering in the sun,
“Aughrim, Enniskillen, Boyne,
Derry,” nobly won,
England’s lads shall rally round,
Scotland’s clans shall lose no ground,
Ireland’s boys shall send the sound
Far, far away.

We shall keep the Book Divine
Open unto all;
Ever ready to resign
Unto Duty's call;
Gird we now our armour bright,
Fighting only for the Right,
God Himself will spread the Light
Far, far away.

We shall see the Lily bloom
 'Neath a peaceful sky;
We shall hear at summer's noon
 Notes of song-birds nigh.
Sons and daughters shall be free
In religious Liberty,
When false doctrines we shall see
 Far, far away.

THE BREAKING OF THE BARRIER.

WHEN William of Orange came over the main,
 Old England's escutcheon was hidden in shame :
 The banner that once proudly waved o'er the foam,
 Was replaced by the faded old emblem of Rome.
 Truths cherished by peasant and prized by the squire,
 Were scornfully trampled, and dragged in the mire ;
 And the bold British Lion lay amazed in his den,
 When the Word of our Lord was rejected by men.

In city and town, and in village, the priest
 Devoured the land's treasures in gluttonous feast ;
 Possessions were stolen, not bought with a price,
 By priestly command, by the "vicar of Christ."
 The jocular landlord—despoiler of men—
 Hand in hand with the priest raised a fat dividend ;
 At the bar of the beer-house, many young couples
 tarried,
 They drank with the priest, and were finally married.

Oh great, mighty London, how fallen wert thou,
 When, in thy grand temples, the blind stayed to bow
 To the cross and the Virgin, wood, plaster, and stone,
 Fit things to be worshipped by Pagans alone.
 The monarch's Confessor, all robust and grand,
 And prelates, thrived well on the fat of the land.
 The lazy, capacious, fat monk and the rest,
 Ate the goods that were choice ; drank the wines that
 were best.

Then William of Orange came over the main,
 To retrieve for Old England her conquering name ;
 Down came Arbitration and the power of the Pope,
 And over our land shone a bright ray of Hope ;

A ray that spread forth in a far-spreading flame,
First kindled by William, aye! revere his fair name.
Should tyrant or traitor our Freedom beset,
The cost shall be great, they'll have cause to regret.

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“STAND FIRM, JOHN BULL!”

WHEN you're tired of hearing stories that are circulating round,
When you've weighed the many theories in the scales,
Just hearken, friend, a moment, while you stand on Freedom's ground,
Just bear in mind the fact, that Truth prevails.
Now, John Bull, being Protestant, will not support the Clause
In the Education Bill, the papers say;
Though by Parliament 'tis passed, he disregards the laws,
He'll not educate the Papists, he'll not pay, pay, pay.

CHORUS.

- Stand firm, John Bull, think of your island home,
- Keep your head above the surf, remember what I
say;
- Support your Protestant principles, cast off the yoke
of Rome,
- Never encourage the wrong, my lad, nor pay, pay,
pay.
- A Romish University, some people wish to see
Erected soon, so beautiful and grand;
- This place of Education will be built by you and me,
With an income from the Treasury of our land;

John Bull has been slumbering, but he's fairly roused
at last;
He holds the reins, and means to see fair play.
He, in the days gone by, has nailed his colours to the
mast,
And, you bet, he'll stand no nonsense, he'll not
pay, pay, pay.

There are tons of dirty Jesuits being cast on Britain's
shores,
Benedictines, scowling Monks, Franciscan Friars;
All expelled from other countries, with their crosses
and their stores,
Welcomed all beneath the Old Flag of our sires.
There are lively times a-coming, there'll be work for
all to do,
Then the steel will flash, the Fifes and Drums will
play,
There'll be many Banners waving, there'll be Orange,
Purple, Blue,
And the sons of William, then, will have THEIR
say, say, say.

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"FATHER JOHN."

THERE dwelt in Connemara—
A priest called "Father John";
A saintly "sowl" with a darksome cowl,
As black as the winter's morn;
Though his flock was poor,
He, from door to door,
Begged from his "all forlorn."

The "father" shall live in plenty
 Where superstition thrives;
 For to keep their priest in cash and feast,
 They would sacrifice their lives;
 In blistering chains
 The soul remains
 Where the Romish priesthood drives.

Now, Father John, one morning
 Met one of his wayward flock,
 Perched sky high on a donkey shy,
 Like a conquering turkey cock.
 "Good mornin', yer honour,"
 Said Patsy O'Connor,
 As he pulled up his living stock.

His "riverince" viewed the donkey—
 A lean Hibernian steed;
 Said Father John, as he gazed upon
 That thing which he most did need—
 "My son, my son,
 The time has come;
 Now, list to my words, I plead."

"Your father's still imprisoned
 In purgatorial fires;
 If you give me that ass, it shall come to pass,
 By the souls of your sleeping sires,
 That his soul shall quit
 That burning pit
 This day, ere the sun expires."

So the priest possessed the donkey,
 But the ass ill feelings showed,
 As Father John sat cross-legs on,

And sped down the sandy road,
 Till the animal hopped,
 Then suddenly stopped,
 And got rid of his priestly load.
 There down in Connemara,
 In the waters deep and black,
 Sank the "holy" one, who, cross-legs on,
 Rode on the donkey's back.
 Poor Patsy looked
 On the miry brook,
 And murmured, "Alas, alack!"

In a square in Connemara,
 In a most secluded spot,
 'Neath a big stone cross, and the weeds and moss,
 Is John's last resting plot;
 For stealing an ass,
 It came to pass,
 Whether he liked it or not.

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"PRAYER FOR THE KING."

ALMIGHTLY Father, Lord of all,
 Now hearken to Thy servants' call,
 And answer those petitions still—
 Those in accordance with Thy will;
 Oh grant us, Lord, this only plea—
 Preserve our King from Popery.

Watch o'er our land's exalted throne,
 Thou canst protect, and Thou alone;
 Defend our Sovereign's Consort, Lord,
 Who are in Heaven and earth adored;

Guard Thou our sons on land and sea,
And shield our King from Popery.

The oceans wide, and every land
Are balanced in Thy Almighty Hand ;
Thou rul'st the sun, the waking morn,
And every soul from Adam born ;
Now, gracious Lord, we cry to Thee—
Keep Thou our King from Popery.

— : o : —

“GOD SAVE THE KING.”

GOD Save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King ;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King ;
Oh, Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics ;
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix ;
God save us all.
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice—
“GOD SAVE THE KING.”



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